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THURSDAY, MAY 20, 1920.

From The Argus of March 24, 1920—
"The Argus heretofore will be conducted as an
independent newspaper, unaffiliated by parties, and
not subject to the control of any individual or
organization."

Keeping Baseball Clean.

Charley Graham, manager of the San Francisco club in the Pacific Coast league, dismissed two players from his team because they had been guilty of gambling and throwing games. One was "Indian" Smith, who was expected to graduate to the majors this fall, and the other Tom Seaton, for years with the Philadelphia Nationals. Both are pitchers and first class men, strongly counted upon to help win the pennant for their club. Graham figures he is out about \$100,000 in loss of two high priced players and of the support that they carried for the team. San Francisco had been kept in the lead largely through their work and pennant prospects were practically banished when they were released.

This is said to have been the most costly stroke ever made for clean baseball in any league. And yet who will say that it was not justified? Baseball has become the great American game largely because it is honestly conducted. There are so many ways in which dishonest managers and players can be shown up. Throwing games can hardly be successful without the participation of a number of individuals and what several people know is sure to come out in time. Besides, the trickery must be resorted to in full view of the spectators, who are pretty sure to quickly discern it if there is anything rotten in Denmark. No other sport is so hedged about with safeguards.

Baseball cannot survive dishonesty and it cannot survive gambling—which always involves temptation to crooked practices—whether it be by the players or those directing them. Those who make the rules that govern it long have recognized that fact. Regulations of the national association strictly forbid anything of the kind on pain of the severest penalties. They must be strictly observed. No price is too great to pay in keeping the national game free from taint.

Interesting Workers.

One of Henry Ford's sales managers is quoted as saying that the working people of this country are becoming tramps, running from job to job looking for something to interest them. Mr. Ford observes that difficulty, he said, by bringing something new before his workers nearly every day, preventing ennui and helping to keep up production.

Many employers of labor who are having trouble because of the great labor turnover will scoff at the idea that it is up to them to

take such measures as Ford is said to employ to keep his force together. They will fail to see wherein they are to blame if men will not work when there is so much to do and wages are so high, but prefer to go about trying one kind of employment and then another, making a success of none and helping to pile up the costs of everything.

It is not to be denied that a little more self control and a greater sense of responsibility is much to be desired among those who do the manual work of the country. There is nothing wrong economically that cannot be remedied almost in a day by individual effort and application. It is a condition, however, and not a theory that we have to face, and conditions are stubborn things.

Among the underlying causes of unrest undoubtedly is the desire for greater individual latitude in the creation, as well as in the division of wealth. There is a well defined project against being compelled to do the same thing day in and day out for years at a time—perhaps for the entire period of one's usefulness. The piece worker finds it hard to draw inspiration from his daily grind. There's nothing in it to fire his imagination. His mind wanders in search of food and finding nothing convenient to seize upon of a practical nature turns to abstract theories. Lately world conditions have invited consideration of theories of government. Radical propagandists have found our shopmen ripe for that which they had to offer where no headway could be made among classes employed in work of a general nature. Germs of communism and all the other ills thrive and are readily transmitted in the close atmosphere of the factory. Only the strongly constituted can resist them if long enough exposed under such circumstances.

Henry Ford is right in trying to find ways to keep alive the interest of his employees by giving them something new to work with and to think about. Let the average employer put himself in the place of the average piece worker and probably he will change his mind as to how far he can safely indulge their desire for change without pampering his men.

Dispatches state that Americans in China have proof that Japan is organizing the opium trade with a view of restoring the traffic that the Chinese themselves undertook some years ago to stamp out. The drug is said to be imported as "military supplies" so as to evade the Chinese customs examination. More work for the League of Nations and another reason why the United States should be taking a hand in it. It isn't likely that this country ever will feel called upon to exert diplomatic pressure to make the world dry, but when it comes to the opium traffic—that's different.

Davenport's Socialist government was willing to have the doctors pick the health commissioner and the lawyers name the city attorney, but it balked when it came to letting the engineers name the building inspector. Can it be, after all, that passed for a common sense move for efficiency in the two departments first named was merely the manifestation of a dearth of doctors and lawyers in the party ranks?

In England sugar is 28 cents per pound and is expected to go higher. Great quantities imported early in the year and bought at a comparatively low price are now bringing almost three times the original cost and it is alleged that large supplies are now held by speculators. American misery may be slightly lessened by the fact that in this, as in other ways, it has company over the sea.

The Massachusetts senate voted for 275 per cent over 26 to 6, but after the measure was vetoed reversed itself 22 to 14. Governor Coolidge is one executive whose word carries weight with the legislative branch.

Looks as if the supreme court also has fallen into the deadlock habit. It's hard to explain the delay over prohibition on any other grounds.



HERE LIES MAN'S ANCIENT ENEMY,
DULL CARE,
WHO DISINTERS THE UNLOVED CURE.
BEWARE!

THOSE DEAR, DEAD DAYS!
When we were only twelve years old,
"Barefoot, with cheeks of tan,"
Our elders very often told
Us: "Clothes don't make the man."
We doubted if this were a fact—
Believed it not a whit—
But with a rare display of tact
We told no one of it.

In those days just "within the law"
Our garb was, we confess:
Shirt, overall, a hat of straw;
Just that, no more nor less.
In stature we were rather tall;
In width—quite incomplete!
But Nature stunted not at all
When she tacked on our feet

As we look back upon that lad,
With all his longings vain
For raiment fine he never had—
The look gives him a pain.
He didn't know the poor galoot—
In Fortune's lap he sat
SIX BITS procured HIS "three-piece suit"—
Shirt, overalls, straw hat!

In one issue of the Commoner, Bombastic
Billyum's oila podria of political piffle,
we lamp no less than three poems by A. L. Bizby,
all of them tending, m. o. l., toward glorification
of the G. C. "How sweet are the uses
of ad. versity!"

ARE YOU READY? CHAR-B-RGE!
SIR: You may or may not have noticed the
following startling announcement in Wednesday's
advertisement of a local department
store: "NOW FOR THE DRIVE IN THE HOSIERY
AND UNDERWEAR SECTIONS!"

HAVING been a col. conductor O. D. K.
knows with what pathetic gratitude we welcome
assistant chiselers to this Pyramid of
Piffle. He desires us to convey a lusty hello
to his former contrab.

A Lovely Time Is Being Had by All
(From the Peoria Star).
Mrs. Chester Fay is entertaining her sister,
Mrs. Nowlan and four children of Dubuque,
Iowa. Three of the children were taken with
the measles shortly after arriving in Lacon.

MRS. Sarah Linsitz announces the engagement
of her daughter, Bessie Beatrice, to Mr.
Jack Berlin of Chicago—Kansas City Star.
Linsitz family slogan: "Berlin or bust!"

Spring.
Old Winter is a trying thing.
Of that there is no doubt:
He lingers in the lap of Spring
And wears his welcome out.
—Charles Leedy in Youngstown
Telegram.

Spring must be awful in the north
To judge by all these whoezes;
Down here it means pink buttercups
And perfume laden breezes.
—Judd Lewis, in Houston
Chronicle.

Don't try to rub it in, old thing,
For that stuff doesn't vex us.
We'd rather wait till fall for spring
Than spend our days in Texas.

IT lacerates our parental feelings fearfully
to see one of our poetic brain children suffer
the slightest wound. Specifically, we refer to
the substitution of "when" for "then" in our
verses yester eve.

BEFORE someone beats us to it let us advise
the world we were aware that Ossey's
verses of yesterday were not exactly original.
Don't do that again, Ossey.

Flivver Cocktails, Perhaps.
(From the Terre Haute Star).
The charge of violating the liquor law
against Mrs. Rogers is the result of an alleged
sple of two drinks of something powerful to
Fred Ford.

"HIGH COST OF LIVING BEGINS DE-
SCENT."
STAND by, men, to grease the skids!
R. E. M'G.

HEALTH TALKS
BY WILLIAM BRADY M.D.

Brain Show in the Feet.
A woman with brains naturally
likes to look well and it is her duty
to keep herself looking her best.
A regular girl likes to dress like
a regular girl.

A little school teacher whose annual
income is not far from \$1,000
purchased a fur coat for \$350. She
paid one-half down and will pay
the balance monthly. But the coat
is costing her more than she thinks;
it has frightened all thoughts of
marriage away from a certain fine
young man. Snobbish makes thousands
of old maids mourn, if they
only knew it.

We're queer people. When we
are desperately poor we endeavor
to appear in comfortable circum-
stances. When we have a little
spurt of good fortune we years to
make such a noise as we imagine
should be made by the well-to-do.
If we actually achieve wealth and
get used to it, then we cease both-
ering so much about appearances
and wear what we please.

The Y. W. C. A. war work council
notwithstanding its rather ob-
solete title—has launched a com-
mendable campaign for conserva-
tion of women's feet, and I may
add women's good nature and good
looks, not to mention good health.
Certain features which physicians
and orthopedic surgeons have long
urged upon the shoe manufacturer,
but mostly in vain, are insisted
upon by the Y. W. C. A. folks,
and at last it is possible for girls
and women to find in every good
shoe store various makes of shoes
conforming to the standards ap-
proved by the Y. W. C. A. Custom-
ers should ask for such shoes.

The important features of these
shoes are straight inside sole lines;
moderately roomy rounded toes;
moderately low broad heels. The
shoes are neat and attractive on
any woman's feet. Every woman
will find them appropriate for ev-
eryday business wear. Indeed,
women with brains and regular
girls have been wearing just such
hygienic shoes these several years.
There are appropriate occasions

for the highest and narrowest of
French heels, just as there are oc-
casions for other appurtenances of
evening attire. But the female who
ventures to wear such things on
the street betrays a sad deficiency
in the dome.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.
Is it harmful or dangerous for a
man to drink too much cold water
when he is working very hot and
sweating freely? M. R. H.

Answer—It is harmful and dan-
gerous to drink ice water or water
too cold at any time and under
any circumstances. Water should
be cool enough to be grateful but
not cold enough to chill. One work-
ing hard in a very warm place or
in very warm weather and sweat-
ing freely must have large quanti-
ties of water, and can scarcely
drink too much of reasonably cool
water. If water too cold is taken
it may produce a form of shock
(perhaps affecting the solar plex-
us), or cramps.

Answer to Margaret.
1. No. 2. No. It is not modesty
but a very unbecoming imitation
thereof that prompt you to take
your peculiar view.

Pore Physiology.
Is there any truth in the report
that sulphur and molasses opens
the pores of the skin and one can
catch cold if taken in cold weather?
Also, is it possible to take cold
from getting your hair cut in cold
weather? J. A. F.

Answer—Sulphur and molasses
taken internally have but one ef-
fect—laxative. I'd take it in any
season or weather, if I thought I
required a laxative. It is impossi-
ble to take cold from getting your
hair cut in cold weather.

Chlorine in the Water.
Does the chlorine used for disin-
fecting municipal water supplies
affect the blood of persons drink-
ing the water? E. B.

Answer—No. The infinitesimal
amount of chlorine in the water
has no appreciable influence on
the system, and it makes the water
safe to drink.

What's In a Name?
BY MILDRED MARSHALL
(Copyright, 1919, by the Wheeler Syndicate, Inc.)

VERA.
There are comparatively few Rus-
sian names in vogue in this coun-
try. Vera is the exception to the
general rule which excludes such
popular Slavic appellatives as
Tatiana and Anastasia. Vera, indeed,
is not purely Russian since it ap-
pears in Spanish nomenclature, but
in both languages, it bears the
same significance: that of "faith."

It is one of the 12 Slavic names
which appears in the "Monument
of Faith," a sort of devotional
prayer book applied to each day of
the year with the names of each
saint appearing in the Russian
calendar. For that reason Vera
has always been exceptionally pop-
ular as a Russian feminine name.

It is doubtful, however, if her
derivation is responsible for her
vogue here. Possibly she is the
result of the early Spanish influ-
ence in the American colonies, or
again, it may be that the shortness
and euphony of the name is the ex-
planation for its adoption and prac-
tical Americanization.

Amber is Vera's talismanic stone.
It has power to make her invinc-
ible in all undertakings where
bodily and mental health are re-
quired. It is said to ward off dis-
ease and to insure a safe journey
when worn by a traveler. Monday
is Vera's lucky day and 2 her lucky
number.

Without letting me know
why he changed toward me and in-
stead of loving me, he was cruel in
every way possible. Now he does
not come to see me and he is do-
ing everything to humiliate me.
We were to be married this spring
and now that is out of the question.
He does not even come to see me.
When people ask him what is
wrong he simply shrugs his shoulders
and sneers.

What can I do? I still love him
in spite of the cruel way he treats
me. I cannot sleep nights and I
cry all day long. I am desperate
and feel that I can never be happy
again.

The best thing to do is to face
the facts and admit that you are
blessed to be free from an un-
worthy man. Time will heal your
wound. At first it may be impos-
sible for you to forget and to stop
crying, but if you earnestly try you
will find it easier as time goes on.
Be too proud to show how deeply
you have been hurt.

Probably nothing perfect ever

Dear Mrs. Thompson: Three
months ago I met a young man
who had come here to work. His
uncle owned a store and so he was
employed as an assistant. The
young man with whom I had been
engaged introduced me.

The very first time we met I
realized that I loved the second
and did not care for the first. He
seemed to care for me, too, because
the very next day he telephoned
me and asked me to go somewhere.
My former friend did not think
I treated him squarely and so he
stopped coming to see me and now
he is going with another girl. It
is said that he and the girl are en-
gaged to be married this June.

After going with the man from
out of town three weeks we be-
came engaged. He seemed devoted
to me and spent more money on
me than any other man I have
known. All my girl friends en-
vied me because we were so happy
together.

Argus Information Bureau
(Any reader can get the answers to any question by writing The Argus Infor-
mation Bureau, Frederic J. Hastings, Director, Washington, D. C. Give full name and
address and enclose two-cent stamp for return postage. Be brief. All inquiries are
confidential, the replies being sent direct to each individual. No attention will be
paid to anonymous letters.)

Q. How many people in the
world speak English? H. L. W.
A. It is estimated that about
one hundred and eighty-five million
people speak the English language
—more than one-half of those living
in the United States. More of
the world's population speak En-
glish than any other language.

Q. How far apart are genera-
tions of house flies? F. I.
A. In midsummer a new genera-
tion is started every 11 to 14 days.
The time is slightly longer in the
spring and fall. The eggs are laid
in batches averaging about one
hundred and twenty, and hatch in
less than 24 hours.

Q. When is Father's day and
how is it observed? L. N. L.
A. The third Sunday in June is
known as Father's day and the
practice is to wear a colored rose
in honor of a living father, and a
white one in memory of one who is
dead. In 1914, congress passed a
bill recognizing such an observance.

Q. Who set the lantern in the
belly of the church in Boston as a
signal to Paul Revere? G. C. L.
A. Robert Newman, a member of
the church at that time, is credited
with the act.

Q. What is a soft shell crab?
D. T. H.

Five Minutes a Day
With Our Presidents

BY JAMES MORGAN
Slings and Arrows.



GENERAL GRANT IN HIS LAST DAYS.

1877—Grant's tour of the world.
1880—June, defeated for nomination
for third term in Republican
national convention.

Entered the firm of Grant &
Ward, bankers, in New York.
1884—Failure of Grant & Ward.
Grant began to write his
"Personal Memoirs."

Afflicted with cancer of the
throat.
1885—March 4, Congress revived
the rank of general for him.
July 23, died at Mt. McGregor,
N. Y., aged 63.

The last scene of all that ends
the strange, eventful history of
Grant was the strangest . . . and
most pathetic.

When a cry of Caesarism was
raised in Grant's second term, there
appeared a little book, "The Com-
ing Crown," which amusingly por-
trayed "the imperial family." Some-
how the simple soldier president
did not fit well into the picture as
"Emperor Ulysses I." But the
"Crown Prince Frederick," "Prince
Jesse," and the other "Imperial
Highnesses" were better suited to
their absurd parts in this burlesque
court at the White house.

The only member of the presi-
dential family who won much popu-
lar favor was Nellie Grant. Being
a spirited, unconventional girl,
Nellie was sent away from her
throne of courtiers to give her time
to mature in Europe. And she
came home engaged to Algernon
Sartoris, an Englishman whom she
met on shipboard. The match was
not at all to the liking of her
father. After he had given her
away in a brilliant White house
wedding, he was found lying on
his bed, his face buried in a pillow,
a prey to grief.

When Grant left the White house,
freed from public care for the first
time in 15 years, his uppermost
wish was to visit his daughter in
England. He was surprised
by the public welcome that greeted
his arrival. He was "puzzled to
find himself a personage," said
James Russell Lowell. But his po-
litical friends were quick to see
in his triumph abroad a chance to
restore their own prestige at home,
and they urged him on until he had
completed a tour of the world,
which remains, perhaps, unequalled
in brilliancy. As he went, he saw,
from London to Tokio, emperors
and kings honored him, marshals
paraded their troops before him,
statesmen consulted him. But he
bore himself amid all the splendid
pageantry as simply as if he were
an unlooked bystander.

Coming home after a three years'
absence, he weakly yielded to the
politicians who were urging him
to take a desperate adventure to
regain power for the "stalwart"
faction of the Republican party.
But the wise, unwritten law against
a third term was vindicated in his
defeat in the Republican conven-
tion of 1880.

The simple truth is Grant was
in need of employment. After
counting over his money left after
his long, costly trip, he saw, as
he wrote to a friend, that he would
have "to live in Galena or on a
farm." . . . if not in the White
house!

Failing the White house, he was
tempted by a "young Napoleon of
finance" into the whirlpool of New
York and to become a partner in a
Wall street bank. Into that blind
venture he put what little money
he had and most of all . . . his
name.

The great but modest soldier had
always a weakness for mere rich
men, who had succeeded where he
failed. Established in a big house
in New York, with the money roll-
ing in upon him under the conjur-
ing tricks of his partner, the hero
of Appomattox actually felt flattered
by the thought that at last he
was a "success" and could meet
millionaires on a level!

After dwelling three years in that
fool's paradise he was rudely awak-
ened from his dream of wealth by
the "young Napoleon's" request
that he go borrowing from William
K. Vanderbilt to save the bank from
crashing. He was lame from a
fall on an icy street when the truth
was broken to him, but he limped
into the Fifth avenue palace of the
multi-millionaire and came out
with \$150,000.

As he entered the bank, two days
later, he was met with the crush-
ing news that the firm of Grant &
Ward had gone down in a shame-
ful failure. Hours afterward a
clerk found the broken man still
sitting at his desk in silent despair,
his head dropped forward, his
hands gripping the arms of his
chair.

The trial of the partner and of
another man involved in the big
swindle, which ended in their con-
viction and imprisonment, opened
Grant's eyes to what a dupe he had
been. "I have made it a rule of
my life," he grieved, "to trust a
man long after other people gave
him up; but I don't see how I can
ever trust any human being again."

Had not a stranger, grateful for
"services ending April, 1865," come
instantly to his rescue, Grant would
have been reduced to actual want
in New York again, as he had been
just 30 years before, when he land-
ed in the city an ex-army officer in
disgrace. Vanderbilt took from him
the little real estate that he owned,
even the trophies of his victories
in war and of his triumphs
abroad. These latter were after-
wards given to the government and
are now treasured in the National
Museum at Washington, a melan-
choly reminder of an extraordi-
nary pawn.

Out of bad came good. Grant
opens his "Personal Memoirs" with
a frank admission that he consented
to write that great narrative
only because he was living on bor-
rowed money when a publisher
proposed the undertaking. As he
pursued his theme he was gratified
to discover an unsuspected gift for
unfolding a moving tale of his ad-
ventures and achievements in the
field. He wrote on until he had
finished a story as imposing in its
directness and simplicity as his
own nature. And the first sales of
it brought his wife, when he was
gone, more money than all the
earnings of his lifetime.

One day, in the midst of his writ-
ing, as he was eating a peach, he
felt a stabbing pain in his throat.
A deadly cancer had him in its
clutch. With grim heroism he
fought it until he had completed
the two volumes of his "Memoirs,"
although he was reduced to the dic-
tation of his wife, and a stenog-
rapher. Finally he was left speechless and
had to write out the closing chap-
ters on a pad in his lap.

At the coming of summer, he was
taken upstate to a cottage on Mt.
McGregor. There he silently wel-
comed, as he sat on the piazza, his
visitors who came to see him.
Among them Simon Bolivar Buck-
ner. To that classmate at Fort Don-
elson, Grant gave his last message
to his countrymen, a message of
rejoicing that his sufferings had
united north and south in a com-
mon sympathy.

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Today's Events
National independence day of
Cuba.
Anniversary of the signing of
the Mecklenburg declaration of in-
dependence.
An international conference of
public health officials meets today
at Brussels.
Maryland Democrats meet in
state convention today at Baltimore
to name the delegates-at-large to
the national convention.
High degree Masons of Missis-
sippi and neighboring states gather
at Hattiesburg today for the ded-
ication of the new Masonic temple.
The general assembly of the
Presbyterian church in the United

States of America begins its ses-
sion today in Philadelphia.
The Pan-American aeronautical
congress, in which more than thirty
countries are expected to par-
ticipate, opens at Atlantic City to-
day for a 10-day session.
Pursuant to a call from Governor
Hobbs, the Texas legislature
meets in special session to consider
legislation looking to the eradica-
tion of the pink boll weevil from
several south Texas counties.
In London today is opened the
annual royal military tournament,
promoted to benefit military and
naval charities, and to encourage
skill at arms in the various branches
of his majesty's forces.
Ostriches are polygamous, each
male having three or four "wives."

THE DAILY SHORT STORY

ROMANCE.

By Eleanor H. Russell.

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The letter addressed in an un-
known handwriting seemed to
pump to Anne's eye as it lay on the
table among the day's mail. She
lift it open eagerly and as she read
a soft flush rose in her face.

"Well, I never expected any-
thing like that written to me," she
exclaimed. "A rare type of Ameri-
can womanhood! and I should con-
sider it a privilege to come all the
way from New York to grasp your
little hand."

The bold signature, "Gregory
Phillips," told the story. He was a
friend of her chum, Grace, who
lived in New York. When Grace
had decided to break her engage-
ment to Gregory, and not daring to
confess it to him had planned sim-
ply to disappear. Anne had writ-
ten her a straightforward note of
advice.

"You've always been honorable
and courageous," she had written.
"Don't fall now. Face it out with
me." And Grace had heeded her
advice and had evidently told Greg-
ory whence it came. This was his
note of appreciation to Anne. It
told a thrill to her as she read.

When much older than she, who
knew so much, holding her up as
a criterion of all that was woman-
ly and fine! Ah, that was romance!
But that evening romance had to
tuck away in the blouse of
Anne's gown, because Jim was
coming to take her to the movies.

And, faithful Jim, had been her
eye for years, hard-working and
earnest, but not at all romantic.
How Anne couldn't bring her-
self to tell him about that letter
so near her heart, but she
looked the picture that night with
glowing eyes.

For the time Anne answered the
note and a reply came quickly.
The answer came at five, but as

time went on she began to open
her heart more freely to her un-
derstanding friend. There was no
doubt that Gregory wrote beau-
tiful letters, full of romance, and
through them all ran the undercur-
rent, more significant because of
its half concealment, of admiration
for Anne.

Even stolid, prosaic Jim thought
she was becoming more indifferent
and dreamy than was her wont.
"No, I don't want to go to walk.
I've got letters to write," she said
pettishly one evening.

"You'd better come out," replied
Jim. "Seems to me you're getting
kind of pale, and besides," here his
face lit up. "I've a little house on
Pleasant street to show you. Not
a very nice neighborhood, but just
our size."

"I'm sorry, Jim, not tonight," and
Anne closed the conversation.
The little house did not appeal
to Anne. There was no romance
settling down on Pleasant
street. She spent the evening de-
scribing the moonlit villa for which
her soul yearned to the sympathetic
Gregory.

A week later the crisis came.
Gregory Phillips wrote her he
was coming from New York for the
express purpose of seeing her. Anne's
excitement knew no bounds. She
bought a whole new outfit for the
occasion. A soft, black satin dress
and a dream of a maline hat that
set off her golden hair to perfec-
tion, and a pair of dainty slippers.
They made a dent in her savings,
but any sacrifice could be made for
romance's sake.

On the great evening Anne sat
a-twitter with excitement from the
trembling crown of her hat